

Now out of the bathroom Michael took a look around his bedroom. It was a small room, very common for OPD dorms. It only had enough space to fit a twin sized bed, a nightstand with a lamp, and a tiny walk-in closet. Looking at the closet reminded Mike that he had to change.

Mike zoomed into the closet, turned on the light, and quickly took off his pajama shorts(he never bothered to put on the top) before putting on his clothes for the day. The clothes were not much, an old plain red T-shirt and faded blue jeans, topped by an Office of Preserving Democracy jacket. The OPD jacket was made out of Cashmere fabric that was dyed black, attached to the jacket on the left shoulder was an American flag, and on the right was the emblem of his Rapid Response Team, Rapid Response Team Nineteen. In addition to this, on the center of the jacket, was the office Office of Preserving Democracy emblem.

Mike, now fully changed, walked out of the closet.

Once out of the closet, Mike briefly looked out the window. It was a beautiful day in the East Village, and in New York City in general. The OPD Rapid Response Team building had a direct view of Tompkins Square Park, where the trees were starting to turn orange. On the street there were no cars but plenty of people were walking in the morning rush.

Mike looked away and made his way to his nightstand. Michael took a quick look at the photo on it. It was a photo of his family at Summerfest 2028, the Daniel Hoan Memorial Bridge, still under repair at the time, in the background.

Shifting his attention, Michael looked at his charging phone, saw it was at 100% battery and pulled the plug. He only had one notification. It was from his Twitter account, and it was a reply from an incel who had somehow not been detected by the OPD yet. It was about Project Shapeshifter and what the user said was so transphobic, so misogynistic, and so vile, that Mike lost his shit and punched the wall in anger. After that, Mike took a deep breath, calmed down, and reported the user to the OPD.

Mike then put his phone in his pocket, and walked out, closing the door to his dorm behind him.